

TOC H JOURNAL

VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1947

No. 6

ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE

On the morning of Sunday, April 20, Tunny preached a 'Council Sermon' in London. He addressed it to a congregation of Central Councillors, seated under the open sky within the battered walls of All Hallows. Others will be glad to share with them what he said.

THIS year I have chosen for the Council Sermon a meditation, rather than a lecture, upon one Gospel. Let me start by saying, what no one can deny, the Holy Bible is the best book the world has ever known. Books come and go. A spate of them each year is born or reborn in all countries where the function of the press retains its freedom; but no book ever written or produced is in the same street as the Holy Bible in the enormous influence it exerts. I say exerts, I do not say exerted; for while some nations have discarded it, reduced its study to a minimum, and think of it as rather out of date, nations elsewhere take very different views and realise its worth. While we ourselves to some extent have laid aside our Bibles, and compromised ideals therein upheld, sales of the Bible in all languages, or almost all, have steadily increased.

The Bible is too great a theme to take for any Council Sermon which I preach. I therefore propose to take one Gospel, and only one, and to examine it. My object is to stimulate study during the next twelve months among all members at home and overseas, both men and women, of one of the four Gospels; and I choose the Gospel of St. Luke without a question, since it appears to me, as an old student, most nearly approximate in tone to what the Toc H man or woman, or Toc H Council or Toc H Executive, or Toc H Area Staff or District Team or other leaders of Toc H, desire.

The Gospel of St. Luke, in other words, contains, exhibits and reinforces the liberal social outlook of the Faith. While the Fourth Gospel stands indeed distinct and utterly supreme in some respects, the Gospel of St. Luke is, I believe, what Renan

called it. What did he call it? "The most beautiful book in the world." It is indeed comparatively short. The whole text of the Gospel of St. Luke would scarcely fill eight pages of *The Times*; but the whole Christian world without this Gospel would be exceedingly impoverished. Have you considered what we should have lost? Let me rehearse some items which depend solely upon St. Luke:—

The Canticles; The tender narratives of infancy; The Good Samaritan; The Pharisee and Publican; The fifteenth chapter echoing down the ages with three great illustrations of God's love; The First Word from the Cross; The Penitent Thief; Christ's final commendation of His soul into God's hands; The story of Emmaus.

'Cleanse the Leper'

Imagine for a moment what this series of contributions to the Gospel story have done for the whole world. Take only one—the Good Samaritan is at the back of every hospital. Before that story came to melt men's hearts those who were sick and poor died in the streets; no doctor was available for them, no steps were taken to procure for them any relief apart from their own homes. If it is true that trade follows the Flag, it is infinitely more true that hospitals escort the Cross of Christ. Mohammed gave no teaching of this nature. In his view sickness was a visitation induced by sins committed by the sufferer or by his parents; there was no redress. Mohammed bids the faithful avoid lepers; to touch them was quite foreign to his code. While Toc H must acknowledge many failures, and beat upon its breast in penitence for so much left undone in its short life, it can indeed thank God and take new courage for the manifest blessing which Almighty God has bestowed upon its efforts in this one direction. Here is a sentence which I gladly quote from the forthcoming Annual Report of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association:

"BEIRA has received from Toc H in the past a tremendous amount of help; it is most gratifying to find that this interest shows no sign of diminution: applications for work at home and overseas continue to arrive from a number of excellent candidates.

It is perhaps of interest to note that the amount of money spent overseas by BEIRA, in grants and expenditure on personnel which

was about £1,500 in 1934, had by the end of 1946 amounted to a total of nearly £100,000."

Far more than half that sum and almost every BELRA volunteer came through Toc H. But now back to my main theme.

This Gentile Doctor

Who was St. Luke? Ramsay would have us hold that when St. Paul first saw this Gentile Doctor and learnt his record and origin, the possibility of partnership caused him to dream that very night that he beheld a man of Macedonia with a message. Be this as it may, St. Luke came in just at that stage most unexpectedly. He represented, in the first place, *Europe*. Up to that moment Christianity drew its adherents mainly from the coastline of Asia Minor and of the Middle East. It claimed to be, and it appeared to be, nothing more vital than a Jewish sect to which a handful of non-Jews were, by mere force of circumstances, attached. They had no influence on its policy; they were not very welcome at headquarters; they were regarded by the Jewish Christians as doubtful assets in the undertaking. The Christian Jews themselves were by this time known to be looked on very much askance by their orthodox co-religionists, and trouble had occurred in many towns. When this well-bred, distinguished Gentile Doctor felt himself called to join the Christian Church, we can be very certain that he did so through his surrender to the Cross of Christ. No personalities, apart from Paul's, are likely at this stage to have appealed to his good taste or culture or refinement. It is unlikely that he knew St. John until at a later stage at Ephesus.

When Horace Walpole went on one occasion to hear a preacher of the school of Wesley, he afterwards complained that he had received no kind of blessing. To this disdainful verdict Wesley's field preacher strikingly replied, "Were you low enough to be blessed?"

I think St. Luke, of whom we know but little from his writings, must have been so convinced concerning Christ, that the lack of outlook and breeding, all too apparent in the old disciples, had no effect upon his main decision.

Toc H today is in the gravest danger of making no approach to intellectuals, to men of birth and breeding and wide outlook.

Its membership has very largely lost its old ideal of being a cross-section of every rank within society. How can it then hope to regain those elements which have died out and have not been replaced? The answer surely is that of St. Paul. It is to him, under the hand of God, that the world owes the entry of St. Luke. Paul was content to halt and bide his time until he came in contact with St. Luke. Then this one thing he did, he won this man by three clear steps—he prayed before he spoke; he studied his character before he attempted to persuade; he showed what the Christians were about and challenged him to see them at their work. In watching them at work this dignified, somewhat reserved, highly accomplished and most magnetic character was won outright.

Paul for the moment put aside all Europe. He knew it would be stupid and prejudicial to push ahead until he had won St. Luke. Here was the man raised up by God to be his free and most significant companion. Europe must meanwhile wait, for a wrong start led by himself with inexperienced helpers was likely to spell ruin to the cause.

If in *Toc H* the same self-discipline which held St. Paul from Europe for some time, until St. Luke was won to lead them in, could only be observed, we should not have upon our hands and consciences today a multitude of moribund beginnings, stagnant before they start, and ill-conceived. We have had wishes which are most unwise; swollen ambitions which have not been subject to the stern tasks of prayer and facing facts. We have gone forward where we should have halted, and mistaken the effervescence of a peroration for the true guidance of the Holy Spirit. It is high time we cut these things right out. We are not strong enough to spill our strength, wear out our staff, over-expend our means upon adventures we cannot pursue. If you will turn to the Old Testament you will find there a very solemn warning as to the fate of those who lay their gifts without reserve on every wayside altar.

Two by Two

St. Luke joined St. Paul; and we may note that Paul did not demand from him more training. He did not at this stage

insist upon a long postponement of the task in Europe in order to enable Luke to see with his own eyes the Galilean scene, the old Apostles, and Jerusalem. He took him forward into Macedonia and down to Greece, to Corinth and to Athens. He felt that he was in himself prepared to train his colleague. He knew that where the Holy Spirit comes, it also breathes a direct inspiration, and that the challenge of the work itself would in St. Luke raise ardour to full height. He did not modify a single item in the great programme which he had in mind. He knew St. Luke would benefit by sharing his joys, his sufferings, his disappointments, his hopes, his heart-breaks. These two men were knit like brothers in the darkness of the world.

St. Paul knew very well how Christ had taught that no apostle should be sent alone. To-day is now impoverished and distressed largely because it has almost forgotten the deep significance which prompted it in the first case to send two men together. The Padre and the Pilot going forth to do one work, to visit and to strengthen Branch after Branch, was Christian common sense in strict obedience to the Gospel method. In sending laymen all alone to Areas we have discarded and rejected the teaching which comes not only from our origin, but from the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour, who never sent one man to be alone in any Christian work in the New Testament. It is a cheapening of the whole conception, bound to bring disaster in its train.

St. Luke's Second Volume

At this stage in our study of St. Luke, I am compelled to turn from his first volume, which was the Gospel in its two editions, one for the East, one in its Western text, towards the Acts, the second volume of the trilogy Luke meant to write. He meant to write a third. The mystery of the third is still unsolved. Most probably the third book of St. Luke which would have spanned the story of the Passion, of Peter and of Paul, was never written. From the last verse of the last chapter of the Acts, which plainly was not meant as a conclusion, Luke's pen is silent; nor is there a record of his own death. We do not know the date; we do not know its manner. Whether illness, or martyr-

dom itself, became his lot, the third book of the series was unborn. It is a loss we cannot well assess.

The Acts themselves are beautifully balanced. Twenty-eight chapters constitute the Acts; and of these chapters the first twelve concern mainly St. Peter, with no breath of St. Paul, apart from the death of Stephen and his conversion. Thirteen to twenty-eight bestow on Paul and on his teachings, sufferings, travels, and on the building of the infant Church from Antioch to Rome, paramount place. But from the thirteenth chapter to the last paragraph of the sixteenth, Paul, in obedience to the Holy Gospel, takes with him Barnabas. When Barnabas breaks down, Paul substitutes Silas. They are working north, and at this stage two memorable happenings are recorded.

Limitations of the Work

Chapter sixteen, verse six, is most peculiar. Luke cannot find a way of emphasis more potent than the words which he employs. He definitely states within verse six that the Holy Spirit forbids the speaking of the Word in Asia. He says that this was literally prevented, not by the opposition it aroused, but by the orders of the Holy Ghost he plainly received in prayer and meditation in contradiction of the plans prepared. Verse seven goes on to say that they attempted to enter the great region of Bithynia. Verse eight employs for the first time a phrase which has no parallel in the New Testament. It could not be made sterner. We are told "the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not". Two broken-hearted men thus pledged to silence, both of them brave, longing to preach the Word, were forced by the clear inner light of conscience now to turn west and leave Bithynia pagan. Passing through Mysia without a word, with their lips sealed, they made their way to Troas, about two hundred miles as the crow flies. What of Bithynia? After fifteen years Peter addresses one of his Epistles to Christians in Bithynia as his converts.

Toc H can be quite certain when it leaves a region it would much like to develop rigidly destitute of Area staff, that concentration on the major project is the Divine intention and command. We must not scatter all our faithful workers. No one should go alone to any post. Attractive, almost dazzling opportunities, must first be tested in the crucible of common prayer, and we

must realise that certain seemingly successful avenues can be by God deliberately barred, for God knows best which way Troas should grow.

Bithynia would be dealt with; but down at Troas there was someone waiting whom Paul had never seen until that day. Ramsay, and Richard Rackham, my old tutor, agree in the belief that Luke knew Troas either as his own home, or as the place from which his own ancestral stock had sailed for Europe. Chapter sixteen thus quietly concludes with the word 'we' used for the first time. From this stage onwards St. Luke identifies himself most modestly, sharing the joys and sorrows of St. Paul.

Attributes of St. Luke's Gospel

Finally, let me indicate in brief, under mere headings which I cannot enlarge, some of the attributes which indicate the quite distinctive nature of his Gospel.

(i). Thus when we read his Gospel, or his Acts, we need not look far for evidence that we are dealing with a kindly doctor. Describing cures, he has recourse to Greek technical words found only in the works of medical writers of the period.

(ii). As an historian he read good morals, and bases his meticulous precision in certain paragraphs on the great authors. He is a man of letters, and he gives all the material he can for dating provincial incidents by contemporary Imperial appointments.

(iii). Thirdly, he took the trouble to learn Hebrew; and to this very arduous scholarship we owe the Canticles which are embedded by a neat process which transcribes the Hebrew into a Greek inferior to his own.

(iv). Let us see him as a traveller, a European who is well accustomed to wayside adventures by land and to the working of a ship at sea. The other Gospels speak of Galilee as if it were a part of Mother Ocean. St. Luke describes it as an inland lake. He is a Gentile with a world outlook. It would be wrong to say he is impatient with minor and restricted attitudes, but for his part he sweeps them on one side. "These things," Paul says, "were not done in a corner." When the fourth Gospel speaks about the world, it is a world the author has not seen. Luke knew a lot about the Roman world, and Christianity becomes

with him in all its attributes a world-wide movement, which can't be governed by home-staying men.

(v). Who taught us that the Christian Gospel had from the first as its protagonists, in free and sacred partnership, wise women? You will not find a trace of this in Matthew. St. Peter's sermons (which comprise Mark's Gospel) scarcely convey a fragment of this message. But in St. Luke the lamp of women's freedom shines out most clearly. It is from St. Luke well nigh uniquely that the Church has learnt to venerate the Mother of Our Lord. It is St. Luke who strikingly interprets Anna, Elizabeth, the Magdalene, the mourning mother who proceeds from Nain, the housewife who has lost, and then recovers with much rejoicing, nothing more important than one small coin, and the importunate widow who gains her end because of her persistence. Turn to the Acts, and you will find the same Lucan insistence on the sacred part which wise brave women played in the expansion, Jewish or Gentile. They are his sisters in the Gospel of Christ.

(vi). The Gospel of St. Luke is most distinguished for its sheer joy—the infancy, the boyhood, the old idyllic days in Galilee. There is no shadow on this narrative, nor on the ways of Jesus, prematurely leading us to the Cross. Here we have grace, a liberal outlook and a tender touch, with here and there a glimpse of wit. Here is the pleasant story of Zacchaeus. St. Luke's Beatitudes alone begin with 'Ye'. Examine the eighteenth chapter—here stands the Pharisee, pleased with himself; here, with bowed head, stands the Publican, who wins God's praise.

(vii). In chapter twenty-three, verses twenty-eight and forty-six, St. Luke alone records words of Jesus unmarked and omitted by others.

(viii). St. Luke deliberately stresses the sympathy with the poor. We turn to him for the rich fool; and Dives and Lazarus we owe to him. No one save Luke preserved the Master's words that we should be most careful to invite those who cannot ask us back to their own home because they are too poor. I sometimes wonder whether this clear command from Jesus Christ does not deserve one Sunday to itself, year after year, in every Christian Church.

(ix). And finally we must turn to St. Luke if we would find Our Lord praying and praising. Here only are we told that Jesus prayed down by the Jordan where He was baptised. Here only are we told that Jesus prayed before He made the choice of His apostles. Here only are we told that he taught prayer, and that the Lord's Prayer came as the true climax to a long series of precise instructions. We cannot find this in the other Gospels. Only St. Luke records His prayer for St. Peter, that his faith fail not. Only St. Luke records "Father, forgive . . .". Only St. Luke "Into Thy hands I commend My spirit".

A Partnership of Work and Worship

Brothers and sisters, we indeed are debtors to this great Gentile doctor who transferred the background of the Cross from the dark ghetto and flooded it with light from all the world. Contrast those pictures where the Cross stands out against a storm cloud, with those lovely landscapes whose vistas lead the thoughts to Paradise, and then contrast St. Matthew with St. Luke. It remains true that Luke of Macedon was a newcomer; he had never known Jesus on earth before he set himself to write the Gospel which now bears his name. We can be certain that he went far south, almost the earliest of Christian pilgrims. Carpenters' shops at Nazareth received to their surprise, but wholly to their pleasure, an unpretentious visit from a stranger who told them he was Greek and was a doctor, learning a little Hebrew by the way—could he do anything to earn their welcome so that he could converse with them more freely, for he had certain questions he would ask? Thus we believe the Gospel was composed, with constant reference to two manuscripts, both of them Jewish in their origin, from which there sprang the Gospels now known as Matthew and Mark. Both these St. Luke possessed. As we have seen, he added to them both from many sources which have not survived. He does not tell us what these sources were; but he explains in very careful terms the high importance he attached to them.

St. Luke was clearly influenced by, and influenced, St. Paul more than a little. He shared with him something like a world philosophy in which there was no need for fevered haste. St. Paul's apocalyptic teaching, which belongs to the first period of

his epistles, gave way under St. Luke to longer views of the world's progress and its slow conversion. The light of Christ turned towards Europe, and moved towards Rome with an advancing flame, and could not be content until it had reached Spain on the uttermost bounds on the west. St. Luke inspired St. Paul, and Luke outdid Paul in these conceptions; and we can well believe that the last thought which each man had on earth was for the other. No two men in the history of the world have been more utterly, completely knit into a partnership of work and worship. The world had never seen two men who were so utterly distinct in origin invincibly combined in Jesus Christ.

Produce these partnerships in Toc H, and we need have no doubts of the result.

TUBBY.

CONGRATULATIONS

TO HENRY U. WILLINK, foundation member, first Warden of Mark III and later Chairman of Toc H, on his appointment as Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, as from January 1, 1948.

TOC H IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT

Last month BUILTH WELLS Branch (South Wales) reported that $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the members of its Urban District Council were also members of Toc H. Now MINSTERLEY (Salop), a group just over a year old, tell us that of their Parish Council of nine, five are Toc H men: their Padre is Chairman, their Secretary is Vice-Chairman and their Treasurer and two others are members. That is a proportion of $55\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. CATTERICK Branch (Yorks) next beats this with five Toc H members out of seven on their Parish Council—or about 71.4 per cent. Any offers of 100 per cent.?

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

The correspondence columns of the JOURNAL, which were revived since the war at the urgent request of some readers, have languished rather quickly. Praise and criticism of the JOURNAL itself has come in but it would be good if someone started a more lively hare. Bombs, please!

THREE PORTRAITS

The ADMINISTRATOR paints three pictures of real life.

FROM the crowded gallery of strangers who during the War formed the personal background of the average man's experience, here and there a portrait stands out in vivid detail. I am not speaking of new friendships, though with its habit of re-shuffling the human pieces War is the absent-minded contriver of many strange new intimacies which prove fertile. But friendship requires time for patient cultivation. I am thinking rather of an occasional face that stands out from the passing scene and partly perhaps because it represents something beyond itself, is remembered with the vividness of a portrait that will not readily fade. The particular is always much more moving than the general and for us such problems as those of the D.P., the M.D. and the Birth Rate, with all their tremendous significance for the future, are brought into form and made more real through a few portraits of acquaintances made in a brief experience as a Billeting Officer during the V2 raids.

I. Mark

I only knew Mark for a period of about six weeks. A flying bomb had removed the house next to his and upset his young mother's nerves so badly that she could never cease being sorry for herself or refer to her present or past without tears. So she arrived 300 miles away from home with Mark aged three and a little sister half his age, and it fell to my lot to find them a new home. I selected them one of the best on my list: I felt sure that Mark could carry a small sister and tearful mother on his back and earn the householder's gratitude.

Mark was a perfect specimen of about the best thing God has made. I believe him to be a distant relation of *homo sapiens* but he has little in common. His hair was fairer than flax and covered his round head in close curls, his brow not perhaps quite medium in height and his mouth a little lacking in sensitiveness; but every nerve and muscle in his body alert and ready for action and the light of adventure in his eye.

His first billet with a kindly professor and his wife did not last long; it was a mile from the town and up a long hill and though

Mark's mother was one of very few to contrive to bring with her a wheeled conveyance (we had to beg, borrow or make two dozen prams and push-carts), her daily tears broke down my firm resolve to change no billets for a month. But after a fortnight new billets were not easy to find; compulsion was in operation but I was not going to force Mark on anyone. At last a retired fishmonger's wife actually welcomed the little family by fitting up a sitting room for them as a nursery.

I took Mark and his dependent relations round personally to introduce them to their kind host and hostess and was charmed with their reception. It seemed a case of the perfect solution of the evacuation problem.

It was not the look on Mark's face as he entered on his new inheritance that caused me my first misgiving so much as the fact that his mother had so contrived that his face (which was his fortune) was simply deprived of its proper function. As she pushed them up the garden path Mark had just completed the process of distributing his chocolate ration around the area of his mouth and was now starting on an orange.

It could not last: my lovely dream of mutual happiness was shattered. Complaints from the retired fishmonger urging the imminent breakdown of his wife were only less loud and bitter than those of Mark's mother who could not find one thing right about this awful billet and demanded to be sent home. Long before the end of the danger she got her wish at the expense of her mother whom she had imported as the most mobile section of her home that could add to her security in this strange and hostile country. I am afraid Mark will continue to find her a handful: but he was always master of his situation and ultimately he may somehow contrive to lift her and granny too.

There was a daily period of queuing for an excellent dinner which our small town out of its slender resources managed to provide. The worst part of this arrangement was that the entrance to the canteen led through a dark alley and up an iron stair. I found the alley a useful rendezvous for rubbing up my London dialects. One day the friendly chat was interrupted by lamentable cries from inside a hidden door in the alley. I pushed in to be met by a small screaming creature drenched from top to

toe in brown treacly liquid. It was Mark with his crisp flaxen curls flattened into the worst effect that Brylcrease could produce. He had followed his fine sense of adventure and stepped backwards in the dark into a tub of motor oil. His two garments were soon off and a kindly baker opposite ("its the poor that 'elps the poor") had produced a flour sack, and Mark's solo sack race soon led him to a hot bath and clean clothes provided by the nurse at the School Nursery.

He rode back in triumph to his mother on my bicycle: that was perhaps his finest hour. But he may have many finer.

2. Joseph

The M.O. looked worried and for some reason he offloaded his problem on to me. There was, he said, among this assortment of unidentified families of London evacuees a mother with three children, one of whom was an M.D. boy of 17. He was afraid he was unbilletable. He had not thought out that one and incidently expected that I should have done. I suggested he should think again. He did, not on long term lines, as will subsequently appear. Meanwhile my wife lent a hand, and taking to Joseph from the first found a householder who consented to accept the mother and son for two days while the other two were easily placed near by.

Joseph was quite oblivious to causing any particular problem to anyone. Undersized for his age but with an incipient moustache he was gentle in his ways, clean and inoffensive except for a certain inconsequence in his limited conversation, a vacant expression and rather relaxed lower jaw. His one anchor was his mother to whose arm he clung with pride and affection. He could do simple jobs like chopping wood: indoors his chief occupation was writing long letters in a beautifully neat hand, mostly to Winston Churchill, probably not the least intelligible of that great man's 'fan mail' during the years of crisis, though these contained no single letter known to any alphabet. A quiet, decent lad enough, who would greet anyone whom he had accepted as a friend by a warm pump-handle handshake.

But his hostess got the creeps seeing him sitting quietly there in her kitchen, though his mother was always a treasure in an

understaffed household. She had ten children and the eldest was a deserter, and Dad, we learnt, was not always too gentle with her. So even without the buzz bombs, which she described gaily until Joseph told her to 'pipe down' (a favourite expression of his), she had had her troubles.

So we searched for and found the perfect billet. There was a widower of over 70 living by himself these ten years or more in a quiet secluded street and no one to do for him. He had no objection whatever to Joseph but how could we ask him to admit a woman into his house and him so long a widower? It wouldn't be seemly. It took several visits to persuade him but at last he consented to give it a trial, to the mutual happiness of all parties. He found a housekeeper and Joseph found a home where no one but his mother need bother about him and his correspondence.

But here the long term policy of the M.D. comes into the picture. A representative from the Board of Control came to interview Joseph. The suggestion was that Joseph, having missed his opportunity for special education under his home authority, might possibly be admitted to the local institution. It fell to the lot of my wife and myself to take him and his mother by car over the hills to visit the Home and interview the superintendent, and a very happy afternoon was had by all. Had it not been for Joseph this particular experience of knowing how this submerged fraction of our people live might not have come our way. We saw much that was inspiring, much that was saddening, nothing really depressing: and we thought how differently Hitler was dealing at that moment with his share of the same problem. There was a long waiting list for new entrants, for an evacuee from another authority—well, that would present special difficulties. But one thing was clear: Joseph would have to be severed from his anchorage—for ever. Would we explain this to her and point out the advantages to the boy?

Fortunately for us the day of decision never arrived. But Joseph's mother was game and I believe that had the vacancy offered she would not have hesitated. We were convinced that the lad was educable and might have achieved, but for some

queer loophole in the national system, that partial independence which must mean so much to the mentally defective.

And yet had the final decision been left to me what ought I to have advised? Joseph and his mother were among the last to return to London on free tickets long after the bombs had ceased to fall. They made the most of their long holiday in the country and were often seen tramping the lanes together, Joseph leaning heavily on her arm. He would suddenly turn and bury his nose in a flower she was wearing, noisily drinking in its scent as though he would imbibe with all his being the fragrant and invigorating spirit of his mother.

3. The O'Briens

My first sight of the O'Brien family was in the Casual Ward. This building had been done up just before the War and kept swept and garnished and gay with new paint against its intended use as a Children's Convalescent Home. It seemed an ideal place to use in the emergency caused by Evacuation, but by one of those strange departmental jealousies it was fiercely defended by one authority against its proper use by another, and it was only the fearless cutting of red tape that made it available for our large families. The large family was of course the bugbear of the billeting officer and the mother who was doing her duty by the State was made to feel that she should have been more considerate to the feelings of a reception area. Unaccompanied children—easy. Mothers with one or even two children—yes, possibly. But three, four or five children with mother—well, apart from hotels and boarding houses there just were no billets. And Mrs. O'Brien was the kind of mother whose five children made a complete unit. She saw no reason to split the family after bringing them 300 miles in a train. But anywhere would do. So there she sat half way down the long side of the unfurnished room, with the baby sprawling happily on the floor, the two-year-old playing with it and the other three, all looking clean, healthy and happy, grouped around her making a Rubens picture of Peace and Plenty. Four other families shared this room, all in various stages of disorganisation and discontent and all wanting something they had not got and probably could not

have. Mrs. C., just opposite the O'Briens, called me aside to say that she must be moved at once: she was not accustomed to mix with these sort of people. Mrs. O'Brien never seemed to want anything except her five pink-checked, auburn-haired, children about her, who all seemed equally content so long as they had each other.

We were running an evacuation experiment of our own at our School by gradually sending home the boarders in our Children's Home a fortnight before the end of term and giving the available space to mothers and families. Realising the rare qualities of Mrs. O'Brien, I had her transferred from the Casual Ward where they all slept on the floor and gave her our largest dormitory. Her family made the fifth in the house and if difficulties had begun to develop we never heard of any trouble after Mrs. O'Brien moved in. For six weeks peace and happiness seemed to pervade the house where five mothers of three nationalities and fifteen children, varying in age from 17 to 6 months, slept, cooked, fed and did their washing with the minimum of supervision and no regulations imposed from outside. The only request Mrs. O'Brien made was that her 16-year-old son (the half brother of the others) should be brought from London for his holidays: when he arrived her cup was full.

I had hoped the V2's would have ceased before the house was needed again for its proper purpose, but in the end new billets had to be found for them all, and where were we to find one large enough for the O'Brien's? The Chief Billeting Officer had to force them upon the highly respectable proprietors of a private hotel already full of expensive guests. Disconsolate I led them up the street, the baby sharing the push cart with their modest belongings. I was not surprised at the frigid welcome that awaited them at the door. Might I perhaps be allowed to see their quarters? I might not: so I had to leave them descending to the basement.

We were away for a fortnight and our thoughts often turned rather sadly to the little family of bright-faced children buried beneath the prosperous hotel, living perhaps on the scraps from the table of the wealthy guests upstairs. I need not have worried. When we returned Mrs. O'Brien would come round to see us pushing the baby and followed by her healthy tribe.

All was well: she had no complaints, they were well fed and kindly treated. Even the stoniest heart could not long be proof against the melting influence of that six-fold smile, that united determination to disown discouragement and to accept contentedly what life gave.

They outlasted nearly all the families that fussed and grumbled and pined for Dad and the life they knew. The O'Briens patiently awaited the official word to depart, came to say good-bye and went their unruffled and uncomplaining way.

H. W. HOWE.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

BASTOW.—On April 22, SETH BASTOW, a member, for many years Pilot, of Cromer Branch. Elected 31.3.'37.

DICKINSON.—SIDNEY DICKINSON, a member of Rochdale Branch. Elected 27.5.'31.

FELIX.—On May 6, DAVID LLOYD FELIX, aged 52, a member of Blackpool Branch, formerly a member in London (Acton) and South Wales. Elected 21.3.'39.

FRASER.—On March 18, HERBERT FRASER, aged 64, a member of Teignmouth Branch. Elected 30.6.'34.

GIFFARD.—On April 15, the Very Rev. WALTER GILES GIFFARD, aged 77, Dean of Guernsey and Rector of St. Peter Port, Padre of Guernsey Branch. Elected 22.2.'33.

GLYDE.—On March 24, HAROLD S. GLYDE, a founder member of Shoreham Branch. Elected 1925.

HUGHES.—On February 26, O. P. HUGHES, a member, sometime Chairman of Dolgelly Branch. Elected 28.6.'37.

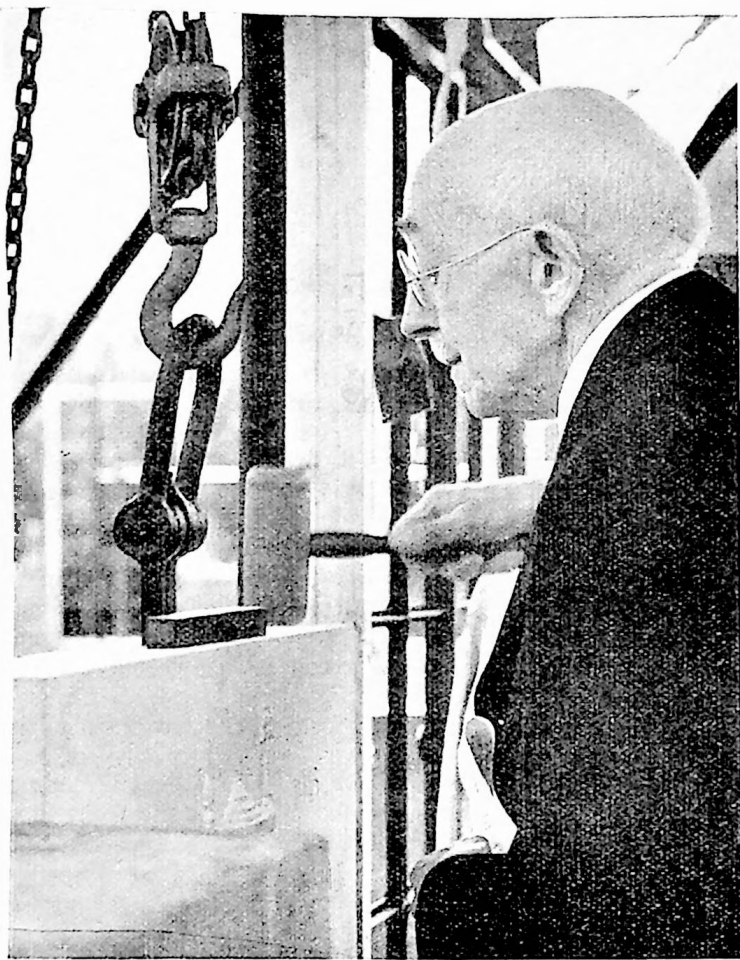
KING.—On April 27, Canon HERBERT ALFRED KING, aged 76, Rector of Holt, Padre of Holt group, 1936-'39. Elected 24.5.'33.

MAHANY.—WILLIAM ARTHUR MAHANY, aged 64, a member of Saltash Branch. Elected 23.3.'35.

TERRY.—On April 8, J. TERRY, aged 54, a member of Bromley Branch. Elected 12.12.'46.

Correction

In a notice of Padre DAVID WALLACE last month, it was stated that he died at Birkenhead, whither he moved when he left Toc H in 1938. In 1942 he became Minister of the English Presbyterian Church at Wallsend-on-Tyne and died, very suddenly, there.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE AT WENDOVER

LORD COTTESLOE, Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, who is 86, is seen laying the Foundation Stone of the *Tot H Club* for the R.A.F. at Wendover (see *May JOURNAL*) on May 17. THE BISHOP OF BUCKINGHAM dedicated it and Tubby took part in the service. The building, as the picture shows, is rising well and should be open by the winter.

(Photo : R. Goodearl, High Wycombe).

THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY

RECENTLY the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. W. H. Bradfield, issued a challenge to Toc H in the Mendip District. He was speaking at a guest night at Coxley to members from the Coxley, Wells, Glastonbury, Street, Somerton and Compton Dundon units. He began by recalling his personal association with Toc H and its Founder Padre. He described a meeting he had attended in Jamaica a year ago, at which a Cabinet Minister sat with negro members.

He said he thought that Toc H, if it got down to its job, had a really important bit of work to do in the life of the community at the present time. It seemed to him that one of the greatest difficulties of the situation in which we lived was the fact that the majority of people had ceased to think in Christian categories at all. We were no longer living on spiritual capital as we had done for so many years. In the main, we were thinking of life and the things which made up life, not in Christian terms, but in purely worldly terms. But the things for which Toc H stood were the very antithesis of the predominant way of thinking about life. He was not surprised that it was extremely hard to get Toc H across in these days, because the spirit of Toc H was a direct challenge to the prevailing outlook of the people amongst whom we lived. The whole *ethos* of Toc H was service in the highest sense—service not merely as a matter of altruism, but service because God had called us to it. He hoped members of Toc H would always regard the Ceremony of Light as a really solemn moment of rededication to that spirit of selfless, disinterested service.

Changing Times

"I am perfectly certain the whole movement everywhere has something of the utmost importance to give to this present generation," the Bishop continued. "It is for us, as indeed for the whole Christian Church, to cry a halt to this futile way of life by which men and women are blindly driving themselves, their country, and, indeed, the whole world to destruction.

"Speaking in terms of Somerset, it seems to me as if here perhaps more than anywhere else there is a great deal that Toc H

can give. I think of the many country villages it has been my pleasure to visit during the seven or eight months I have been here. I have seen these villages with most of the things which built up the life of the community in the past, smashed and turned away from them. The squire is gone. In many cases the school is gone. The children are put into motor buses and carted off, taken right away from the community in which they live and have their being. In many cases the resident parson is gone, and I am afraid I have got to say that in many cases he has got to go still more. But I am not taking away the parson, where I have got to do it, in order to break up the life of the parish: I am taking him away in order that the Church may live. That may seem paradoxical, but if you come to examine it as I have, I don't think you will find it quite so paradoxical as it seems. What I am not going to take away is the spiritual life of the parish, which I hope will go on and flourish, even though I might have to call upon some parish to share the services of a parson with a neighbouring parish."

The Heart of England

The foundations of society, declared the Bishop, were more and more tending to be knocked away. The introduction of the internal combustion engine had come, and in many kinds of ways was tending to smash up what was left of the village life. Enterprising charabanc proprietors came along with their 'mystery trips' on Sunday evenings, as if to make sure that the people did not go to church to find their fellowship. He had considerable experience both of urban and rural areas, and of one thing he was quite certain. The real England, the England which enshrined the values which had made the country great, was not to be found in the vast sprawling towns, like Manchester, Birmingham and the rest. The heart of England was to be found in the rural communities, which people in this part of the world had come to love and to like to serve. The problem with which we were faced was precisely where we could put up the dam and stop that wastage of our rural community life. It was precisely there, he thought, that Toc H might well have a really important function and a part to play.

'LEND A HAND ON THE LAND'

'National Service' was an idea we took in our stride during the War. But why only in war-time? The new slogan, now displayed in the press and on hoardings, which heads this page, reminds us that a very urgent job of national service calls for Toc H volunteers in all parts of the country. First, TED GOODMAN (Oxford) puts the case:

I

"Let's go to Dack's Farm."

We went. Our first stook fell down three times and then we got the idea. It isn't so very difficult after all. Some of our work withstood three days buffeting from the wind and rain which passed as English summer weather. But that was last year, and now the summer is coming again and the Branch is thinking of 'adopting' another farm for the hay and harvest season.

What's the harvest going to be like this year? Who knows? But we all know that many hundreds of acres will go unharvested because of the ghastly floods of the past winter.

What's Toc H going to do to help the farmer this summer? What's *your* Branch going to do about it? It's quite simple, really, if you live anywhere near a bit of country. Your Jobmaster gets his bike and cycles out to the first farm up the road. Being a tactful sort of chap, he won't arrive in the middle of milking. And mind that gate!—it's supposed to be shut. You'll find, when they've recovered from their surprise on discovering you are not a black marketeer in search of eggs, they'll be only too pleased to be 'adopted' for the haymaking and harvest.

Of course it's easy enough to explain what the Branch intends to do. There's Bill and Tom who will call in at the farm on Thursday evenings and lend a hand; and there's Dick and Harry who work a forty-hour week and can spare a Saturday afternoon; and then there's Charlie who works queer hours on the railway, and can get along to help for an hour or so on Wednesday morning; and as for young Jim who will be coming down from the University for the Long Vac, well, Stubbs' *Charters* will read all the better after a little stooking.

You see, it's not a difficult thing to arrange, is it? Perhaps you think the job is rather unambitious because it doesn't have to be arranged by District Teams and Area Executives? Because

it can be planned by you in your Branch right now with the aid of a bicycle and a little common sense? If you think the job is a little beneath your dignity, just stop and think what it would mean in terms of manpower if every Toc H unit in the British Isles could 'adopt' just one farm for voluntary help in the hay-making and harvest season. If you are tempted to think that the job is hardly worth while, just cast your mind back to last August or September. Remember those fields you saw on the way to the sea, those acres and acres of wet and flattened corn, unharvested, and already 'shelling out' on to the ground. Remember those photographs you looked at in the newspaper over your morning coffee a month or so ago and how you remarked to your wife that things were "pretty bad" in the Fens. Your Branch can do a good job of work this year with the harvest.

Do you suffer from old age in your Branch? I believe lots of Branches do nowadays. How do you set about curing it? Do you ask young Charlie Smith to what he quite honestly believes is an old man's fireside in order to listen to that 'interesting' talk on "Caterpillars' Eggs in the Andamans", or even to hear his revered headmaster lecture on "The Teutonic Invasion" (Lor', that was the thing he talked about during the last period on Tuesday morning!)? If you take Charlie and some of his pals out with you harvesting you won't be able to guarantee that he will ever find himself with a badge in his buttonhole, but at least you will have shown him that there is a worthwhile job to be done, and he will show you just how old or young you happen to be. Multiply that figure by the number of chaps in the Branch and perhaps then you will be somewhere near its mental age!

For the more ambitious 'farmers' with long summer holidays there are, of course, the Volunteer Agricultural Camps, run by the Ministry of Agriculture. I understand that publicity and propaganda for recruits has already been started and full details should be available at your local Labour Exchange. Incidentally, there should be a job for Toc H in the vicinity of these camps. I've heard of one lot of enthusiastic campers who drank the village pub dry during last year's harvesting, and, until fresh supplies arrived, there was some coldness between the villagers and their visitors. A problem in personal relations for the local Branch? I offer no prizes for the solution of the beer problem!

II

Next, HOWARD HILL (District Pilot, Fylde and Preston District) states the good reasons and gives some fuller details.

THE harvest last autumn was a disastrous one, the past winter was the severest in living memory, and many Prisoners of War previously employed by farmers have now returned to their own countries. These three facts mean simply this, that the harvest this year will be late and that, if one is optimistic enough to forecast good weather, there will be a great shortage of the labour force required.

How does this concern Toc H? Two vital factors in an ideal Toc H make-up are still commonly missing. First, many units seem to be suffering from an apparent lack of jobs. Secondly, our family has not found the way in which it might help unite town and country. As for jobs, a town unit only has to look to its surrounding countryside during the coming autumn and winter to find plenty. On the other count, every countryman is aware that the rest of the nation, especially the dwellers in large cities do not yet realise that the future of Britain can only be based on a contented agricultural community and the full use of the soil at its disposal.

Here are two schemes which, if adopted on a national basis, would not only be of practical service both to farmers and Toc H units, but a wonderful way of spreading the good news of our movement in pastures new.

1. The Ministry of Agriculture has established throughout the country Volunteer Agricultural Camps. The cost of staying at one of these camps is from 21/- to 28/- per week in return for which you receive 1s. 3d. per hour for a 36-40 hour week spent on the land. One must book for at least one week. Further details are obtainable from the Regional Secretaries, Volunteer Agricultural Camps. Area Offices concerned might circulate the units asking them to draw their members' attention to this scheme, with the idea that as many as possible, together with their families and friends, should give up at least a week of their holidays to the land and help to ensure that bread rationing may soon be but a dream.

2. There will be in addition to the above a real need for part-time land work. I suggest that all Areas request Toc H jobbies to prepare nominal rolls of members and their friends who are willing to give some of their week-ends and/or evenings to helping local farmers. The names of the farmers requiring assistance could be obtained from the local branch of the National Farmers' Union, who should be informed of the desire of Toc H to help on the land. If any payment is received for this service by members, those who feel so disposed might remember the Toc H exchequer.

TOC H IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

The Family of Toc H in Southern Africa, under the Presidency of Jan Hofmeyr, Minister of Education and Native Affairs, faces great problems of race and distance unknown to us at home. During the war Toc H combined with the Y.M.C.A., under the auspices of the Government, to run the Union Defence Force Institutes, which moved with South African troops through East Africa, Abyssinia, Eritrea and across the Western Desert. 'Ellison Houses', named after the pioneer of Toc H in Southern Africa, run by Toc H (Women's Section), under the Presidency of Mrs. Smuts, catered for the Women's Services. All that activity is over and here RONALD ANDERSON, the General Secretary of Toc H Southern Africa, sketches the condition in which the Areas of his vast country face the new times.

THE numerical strength of Toc H Southern Africa in terms of units and members, at the end of the first post-war year was just half what it was in September, 1939. For a country which did not suffer the physical impact of war this can be regarded as disappointing, but is accounted for by the fact that the ex-service member has been slow to return to his unit and other ex-servicemen to come into Toc H. At the time that these men returned to civilian life business conditions throughout the country were of a boom nature, competition was fierce and the man leaving the Services felt he must give his time to making up lost leeway. Also many of the younger men, thanks to Government help, have been enabled to take up full-time studies and others to attend part-time classes to improve the chances of their careers. The result has been that those who expected a rapid influx of members have been disappointed. If, however, one looks at Toc H not merely from the point of view of numbers but in terms of its influence on the life of the community, the over-all picture in Southern Africa is more pleasing.

Toc H Houses: At the beginning of 1946 Mark I, Johannesburg, which had been loaned to St. John's Ambulance for the duration, was once again taken over as a Toc H House. Ninety per cent. of the residents are ex-servicemen and throughout the year the team spirit has been built up. This house will have a very real effect on the life of the family in Johannesburg in the years that lie ahead.

In Rhodesia, Salisbury acquired Talbot House, Club premises which had rendered very fine service to the men in the Forces. It is now functioning as a Toc H House and the Headquarters

of the Branch. Towards the close of the year came the welcome news that Toc H Headquarters in Bulawayo, which consists of the Branch meeting rooms with three or four bedrooms attached, will be enabled to expand considerably as a result of a grant of £1,000 received. Bulawayo are now planning a real Toc H centre.

National Service: During the war the greatly depleted numbers of Toc H forced its leaders to recruit men with no previous contact with the movement on to the various War Services Committees and Talbot House Committees. The result of this experiment was an outstanding success. Many of these men caught the spirit of Toc H and played an important part in making the war-time work a credit to Toc H. With the return of peace the National Service Committee was formed consisting of many of the men who had played such a prominent part in Toc H War Services, several of whom had now become members of the family. This committee has set itself the task of:—

- (a) tackling jobs which are beyond the scope of any particular member or district;
- (b) co-ordinating the service of Toc H in the various Areas and acting as a channel of information;
- (c) assisting areas in the development of particular jobs;
- (d) surveying the needs of the country as a whole and advising Areas as to these needs.

Jobs

Jobs: The following is a brief survey of the jobs which are being undertaken by Toc H Southern Africa at present:—

(a) *Ex-Servicemen:* There are two houses for ex-servicemen, their wives and families—Harrowby in Johannesburg accommodating 100 persons and La Mascotte in East London accommodating 65 persons. Here married ex-servicemen and their dependants are accommodated at charges amounting to half boarding-house charges, for a period of six months while they look around for permanent accommodation. Every effort is made during this period to help these men to re-adjust themselves and to solve the many problems with which they are faced on their return to civilian life.

In Pretoria North a house for disabled ex-servicemen has been opened which accommodates many men who are psycho-paths or psycho-neurotics and are employed in a 'sheltered employment' factory in Pretoria. This lovely house in spacious grounds has proved a haven for many of these men and real rehabilitation has taken place.

(b) *Communal Restaurants:* A communal restaurant for Africans was started in a native township near Durban. Plans are laid to expand this work to include many forms of social service. The Africans are

supplied with a well-cooked, well-balanced meal at 6d. a head. The African is a conservative person and many difficulties have had to be overcome, but the local committee is persevering. Plans are afoot for a similar restaurant in Alexandra Township, 10 miles from Johannesburg.

(c) *Anti-T.B.* In Natal, Cape Province and the Transvaal a good deal of work has been done in connection with Anti-T.B.—looking after children discharged from the T.B. Sanatorium in Pietermaritzburg, helping families who are T.B. contacts, and supplying food and rent to native families where the breadwinner has been struck down by T.B. A Sub-Committee has studied this problem carefully and Toc H played its part with other national bodies in a National Conference which took place in April 1947, with the object of co-ordinating government plans with those of voluntary agencies.

(d) *Leprosy*: In 1934 Tubby awakened Toc H Transvaal to the needs of the patients at Westfort Leper Colony. For 11 years this Colony has been visited regularly; even during the war in spite of transport difficulties there was usually a monthly visit. Now two teams of Toc H workers visit the colony fortnightly. A Toc H unit flourishes in Westfort. Comforts are provided for patients, and at Christmas time for one day the colony is handed over to Toc H; 900 Africans, 200 Coloureds, 80 Europeans and all the staff receive Christmas gifts. At Amatikulu in Zululand, Toc H has now got a foothold in the colony and similar work has been started. Leper Colonies remote from Toc H units receive cheques at Christmas time, to enable the staff to provide Christmas cheer for the patients. It is hoped in the not too distant future to launch a National Leprosy Relief Association.

(e) *Service to Youth*: A sub-committee has surveyed the work of the various youth organisations in South Africa and details of the survey have been sent to all Areas. Toc H units have been challenged to assist Boy Scouts, European and Non-European, Boys' Clubs, European and Non-European, by supplying leaders. The Transvaal Association of Non-European Boys' Clubs has been built up very largely by Toc H leadership and initiative, and it is hoped that similar success will attend the work in other areas with Toc H supplying the manpower.

(f) *Immigration*: Toward the close of the year the steady flow of immigrants into the country has made it clear that this subject requires most careful study. Sub-committees of Toc H in Durban, Cape Town and Johannesburg are now investigating the needs of the immigrants and trying to link up with other organisations serving them. A challenge has been put to all units throughout the country to give friendship to these new settlers and to help them to be at home in South Africa.

Toc H Southern Africa goes forward in 1947 in quiet confidence. The staff are conscious of the need for intensive training of officers and for raising the standard of service throughout the country, for drawing in new leaders, for awakening in the minds of the ordinary member a concept of the impact that Toc H could have on the life of a community.

R.P.T.A.

BRIDGES INTO GERMANY

In the January and February JOURNAL, the Editor attempted to picture some of the things which are happening "In Germany Now." These articles, at the request of many readers, were to have continued but were interrupted by the non-appearance of the March issue and the special number in April. The following deals mainly with some practical measures which Toc H, both in the B.A.O.R. and at home, is taking or can take. Some difficulties will be discussed next month.

WHEN our Central Council in April reached the item on its agenda, 'Anglo-German Relations', the interest and response of the meeting to the opening speeches, especially the first-hand evidence of Vincent Firth (Toc H staff, B.A.O.R.), was plain. Theirs was, we hope, not a sentimental approach (an old bugbear of this subject) but a realistic one. And that is tantamount to saying that it was a *Christian* approach. On no other ground can the battle for the soul, as well as the body, of Germany be won—and that is no less than a vital part of the battle, now at an extremely precarious stage, for the peace of the world. Where men so often lose their way in the dense undergrowth of economic planning, of blue books and white papers, of all-night debates, they can pick up the clue to victory in half a dozen words when they turn again to the Christian Gospel.

Does it work? One tiny indication only—the first act of Lord Pakenham (a very fine appointment as High Commissioner of Germany, we all hope), when he stepped from his plane on to German soil the other day, was to speak a few sentences in public. He said he was "going flat out" to administer the British Zone on Christian principles, to uphold "Christian justice and mercy". A high British official who was present told me afterwards that this short speech—the first of its kind—had an extraordinary and immediate effect. It was quickly all round German homes, a rare word of encouragement, a point of light in a great darkness, the pledge of a new beginning. So be it indeed!

The more the things on which men have built their hopes of "a brave new world"—the Atlantic Charter, the Four Freedoms, the unity of the United Nations—seem to recede into a fog of doubt and disagreement and fear, the more each of us is called to do what he can to restore faith in them and found the future upon them. This is easily said, but what can *we* do? *We can build bridges.* Even if as individuals we can only throw

one precarious plank across the gulf which separates us from another individual we shall have done something which counts. As a team, working with other teams of like mind, we can do more—how much, only time can show.

I. IN THE B.A.O.R.

Let me try to set down, therefore, the little things (not insignificant in the lives they touch) which Toc H, its individual members and its small family, can do and is doing. None of us need have any doubt that the members of the small team of a couple of dozen whole-timers in Germany, wearing the badge of the Lamp of Maintenance on their uniforms, are doing their bit well. They are maintaining the light themselves and they have gathered round them, in Clubs and Services Teams, small bodies of men and women, military and civilian, now also just beginning to be German as well as British, who represent the ideas for which our movement stands. The scale of our effort there, conditioned a great deal by our resources at home, is among the smallest of the voluntary bodies in the field; it is not, we have a right to believe, the least important.

No one must be allowed to forget that the first call upon us, the reason why our War Services outfit crossed the Rhine, is to serve our own men. And no one who has seen the conditions in which our own men, most of them now the eighteen-year-old 'young soldier,' are serving, will doubt that whatever we can do to help is needed as much as at any time.

As everyone now knows, we have passed on to a second stage. The British are no longer there merely to hold the Germans down but to build them up; occupation now means reconstruction. Our own work naturally and inevitably follows suit. Most of us, I believe, do not regret this: we face it as perhaps the most difficult 'job' which has ever challenged Toc H. There is certainly none more urgent in the fleeting present or more open to fruitful possibilities in the future.

Instead of any grandiloquence about 'Anglo-German reconstruction' by Toc H let us glance at the very simple (not always easy) things we are beginning to do. In the fashion in which Toc H has always built, where it has built at all well, they begin at the personal level, "getting a man where he lives."

Here are the terms, for instance, in which this process is reflected in the latest issue (May) of *The Web*, the little magazine of Toc H, B.A.O.R. :

BERLIN : "... Many Toc H activities are now taking place at the Club. These include a Sunday School for British children and a 'Women's Afternoon' (*for British wives*). This latter hopes to 'adopt' a local orphanage and also to repair clothing for the I.V.S.P. Relief Team."

DÜSSELDORF : "... The refugee bunker 'adopted' by the Düsseldorf Team is one of the largest in the city and a good deal of hard work is in prospect for all the Team members." (*The 'bunker' is a very large German type of air-raid shelter, several storeys above ground, now being used for housing bombed-out families and schools. A visit to this 'bunker' and another in the same city was described in an article by the Editor in the January JOURNAL.*)

HANOVER : "Relief work is now well established and the Team members are keenly interested in the refugee bunker which they 'adopted' some time ago. . . ."

HERFORD : "... During the month an excellent job was done when the Team took over forty children from a local orphanage for an outing in the country. Games and sports were enjoyed in a field kindly lent for the occasion by a German farmer. It was a beautiful day and from first to last everything went well. The children are keenly looking forward to the next occasion which is planned to take place during the coming month."

BAD SALZUFLEN : "The Team . . . has recently made contact with a local children's hospital, where the members hope to be of service. The Anglo-German Discussion Group is now quite firmly established and is doing good work."

LUBECK : "The Team has now got firmly into its stride, and excellent work is being done at a local German refugee camp. In addition a quite informal 'advice-bureau' has been opened up so that German girls who are about to marry Britishers may chat about their problems with an English woman. This has proved to be extremely popular and the girls concerned have been glad to avail themselves of the opportunity offered them."

FALLINGBOMEL : "Now that the fine weather is here the Anglo-German Group has been going out on rambles to local places of interest. These are in addition to the usual meetings which are held on Fridays at the Toc H Club."

GÖTTINGEN : "... It is proposed to open an Anglo-German Club in Göttingen very shortly. The plan is somewhat ambitious, as the Club is to be an all-day-and-every-day affair and not just meeting once a week. The scheme has the approval of Mil. Gov., who are also rendering a good deal of practical assistance. It is not intended primarily as a Youth Club, although the emphasis will naturally be in the direction of the needs of the rising generation. Membership will be open to all, and therefore we believe it to be the first experiment of its kind in the British Zone."

These things, as recorded in a news sheet, read tamely enough until you realise that to some of the Germans they touch they are

signals of the difference between joy and bitterness, hope and despair. And how, after all, can we better serve the British soldier over there than by bringing him, through the fellowship of Toc H, into ventures of active service towards his neighbours in great need? That is "doing the Will": "knowing the Doctrine" will often follow.

II. OUR PART AT HOME

How can those of us at home who are convinced that Toc H has set its hand to work from which it cannot honourably withdraw, do our part to further that work? We can have it on our mind and conscience, we can uphold it in our prayers. We can watch the struggle for better things in Germany from the touch-line, criticising or cheering; we can try to understand all the moves, and that is not easy. We can also do a very few quite direct things. Let me devote some space to three only.

i. Our German Visitors

One of the two recommendations in connection with our Anglo-German work approved by the Central Executive in January (see February JOURNAL p. 65) has now come into action. Two young Germans, wearing the Toc H Services Club badge, landed at Harwich the other day. They arrived a month later than we had planned and when they did start were turned back at the Dutch frontier and lost an extra day: such delays are only too common in dealings with the vast official machine. But they are here at last and already busy in the family circle of Toc H.

A few words about them and their programme: I do not forget that they will certainly read these lines! Their names are HANS GESSNER and GERHARD HABENICHT.*

Hans comes from Bad Salzuffen, where Toc H Headquarters, B.A.O.R., is situated; he has got to know Toc H in our Club there. He is aged 20, and served a year in the German army. His family moved from Magdeburg, now in the Russian Zone: they have therefore lost all their possessions. He is a student

* 'Hans', of course, equals 'John': English uses the 'Johan' part of the Latin 'Johannes', German the 'Hannes' part. 'Gerhard' (pronounced 'Garehart') has already become 'Gerrard' in Toc H. 'Habenicht' is an unusual name meaning 'Have-not': in Gerhard's case it may be true in the material sense but not in the human!

of chemistry, with doubtful prospects of being able to finish his course at the university; he has been working as a hall-porter for Military Government to earn a living.

Gerhard (6 ft. 4 ins.) comes from Fallingbostal, where he came to know our Club. He is aged 21, and served a year in the German army. He is a law student, but also very uncertain of having a chance to qualify and has been working for Military Government. Neither of them has crossed the Channel before, but both speak excellent English, learnt at school, and will be found to know more about English history than some of us!

They spent their first two days in London. Their welcome at Headquarters and an entirely informal visit on the first night to Mark I (where we came upon a hosteller playing Brahms beautifully and singing German folksongs) landed them right in the family from the first. The crowding impressions of these first days were exhausting, but one of them said he was "too happy to go to bed" and sat up talking till 2 a.m. On their second evening they met members of the Central Executive at supper after their monthly meeting and afterwards attended Tubby's commissioning of a new leprosy volunteer in All Hallows.

Now they are on their voyage of discovery in Toc H—Hans to Manchester, where he will spend a month, Gerhard to Lincolnshire. The aim is that in their short visit both shall get a glimpse of industrial and of rural England and of the variety of Toc H at work in each. Their second month they will spend in the East Midlands Area, staying at Mark XI, Leicester, and in private homes, Hans studying things rural and Gerhard industrial. A final week together in London will enable them to sum up their varied experiences and discuss them with us.

Between the two months they are to have a week's holiday (July 1-8), Hans in the Lakes, Gerhard in Oxford. They have been strictly told not to work too hard (a likely temptation), for we want them to absorb England and the ideas of Toc H as simply and naturally as possible. They will have much to take home and, I believe, they will give us as much before they go. Hans and Gerhard are, I sincerely hope, but the fore-

runners of a succession of young Germans who will build bridges with us.

ii. Friendship by Post

Then there are *Parcels*, which, with their paraphernalia of customs declarations and food office stamps, are now a familiar delay to the queue in many of our post offices. Last month's JOURNAL, in response to many requests, contained a summary of the means and regulations concerned with these. Our own Headquarters in Bad Salzungen is receiving and distributing parcels of those prime necessities, *Clothes and Footwear* (not food) in mounting quantities. Not only individual members but units and Marks are contributing to this, and the need for more has almost no limit. (Address parcels, up to 22 lbs., marked 'Clothing', to the Commissioner, Toc H/C.V.W.W., H.Q., B.A.O.R.)

As for *Food*, many a member is ransacking his or her rather meagre shelf of rationed tins to make up a 7 lb. parcel; some units are collecting the materials among their friends for a combined effort. If the senders of these parcels were at the receiving end when they arrive they would be moved to send again. The other day, after a parcel had been received, the letter of acknowledgment which reached me said "We unpacked your wonderful gift on the table and stood around it. We scarcely dared to touch the things—they were so holy." Our 'austerity' spells another man's luxury. More than that, our small sacrifice is a sacrament of friendship.

Food for the Mind

The old joke about the lady who wrote to a friend "Please don't send me a book for my birthday—I have one" would scarcely raise a wry smile in Germany to-day. For there the shortage of reading matter is beyond the conception of those who write to our own newspapers to complain of the shortage at home. Newspapers?—a few weeks ago it was reported in our press that newsprint in Germany must be further cut, as from the middle of May, by 25 per cent.: at the time one person in five might get a paper, now it would be less. Books?—a teacher in a school or university is counted lucky if he possesses *a* book, scarcely a child or student can boast as much. Paper to write upon, even a pencil to write with?—recently the German director of education, a

noble woman professor, in a great German city told some of us that she began the year with a ration of one-half an exercise-book per child per term for all subjects in the elementary schools, but it was now one-sixth.*

What do these cold facts add up to? They mean that minds cut off for over twelve years from the main stream of the world's thinking, even from the bare facts on which to form a true judgment, minds drenched with false history, false science and false religion, minds deafened by slogans and poisoned by relentless propaganda, are still largely in isolation. A good book or an intelligent periodical "preaches to the spirits in prison" when it reaches Germany, it is worn out in passing from hand to hand. The hunger of the mind and spirit, several Germans said to me, is almost harder on a thinking man than hunger of the body.

Let me give a remarkable example of how deeply this need is felt and how Toc H members can help to meet it. Recently T. A. Leonard, a fine old member of the Society of Friends and a familiar figure in many good causes, wrote a short letter to the *Manchester Guardian* suggesting that some readers of the weekly edition might be ready to send their copy to Germany when they had done with it; he offered to put them in touch with a would-be German reader over there. He was unprepared for the result—over a thousand letters from Germany within a very short time, eagerly asking for this opportunity.

In company with Shaun Herson, I called the other day on Leonard, whom we both knew, at his home in North Wales. We found the great old man (he is 83) deeply immersed with his secretary in the business. He brought us the latest bundle—60

* It is easy to understand this if you remember three things. First, that far more books were destroyed in Germany than in England by bombing, and also that a huge mass of books published since 1933 under Nazi auspices has been banned and destroyed by the occupying powers. Secondly, that a high proportion of the available paper is requisitioned by the powers that be (as at home!) for printing innumerable forms, etc. Thirdly, that the production of paper in Germany is distributed as follows:—Russian Zone, 80 per cent; American Zone, 15 per cent.; French Zone, 3 per cent.; British Zone, 2 per cent. (see *Spectator*, May 16). The effect of this disproportion of available paper in the divided country is immediately noticeable not only in the output of German publishers but in the 'propaganda' efficiency of the respective powers.

or 80 German letters at least, tied up with string—which the wondering postman had just delivered; Leonard had not cut the string, had not had time to open yesterday's batch yet. Over a cup of tea Shaun and I read some of the letters, sorted into folders, which had previously poured in. They came from every kind of reader—teachers, scientists, workmen, and housewives, artists and writers, university students, business men, children at school, doctors, ministers of religion. Most of them were written in English, often very good. All of them had heard somehow of this letter in the *Guardian*, the news had run like wild fire. All of them were eager to be in touch with what people are thinking and saying in this country, not a few to renew contact with a country they still loved. All sorts of personal stories, little touches of loss and hope, of gratitude and expectation, were in these many handwritings.

Leonard confessed himself overwhelmed and unable to cope alone with all this. For it was clearly only a first sounding of the depths. He is therefore handing most of the work to 'G.E.R.' (German Educational Reconstruction), a body I know well as a member of its board of direction. G.E.R., as indicated in last month's JOURNAL, is one of the channels by which parcels of *books* can be sent to Germany. Only a week before I write this the society shipped over three tons of books to the depôt at Hamburg, where the city librarian, a German woman, has been put in charge of their proper distribution by our own Military Government. And now G.E.R. is to handle this new spate of *periodicals* too.

Members of Toc H (I hope they will not be few) who are ready to help this effort, please note one or two points:

(i). The scheme at once goes beyond the bounds of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* edition. 'Serious' periodicals of any kind come into it.—*The New Statesman*, *Spectator*, *Economist*, *Time and Tide*, the *Times* weekly edition, etc., maybe the best of the illustrated weeklies, for the letters speak for all tastes. Without any doubt the professional journals of art, science, medicine, law, agriculture and the like would find most grateful readers.

(ii). The scheme is intended to be based on a personal relationship. If you send a periodical, weekly or monthly, to Germany it will be to an *individual*, whose address has been provided: it will be at your own cost in postage (not serious) but it may open up a correspondence with the recipient which will call for a little more trouble

on your part—and may have unexpected rewards now and later on.

(iii). What you have to do is to write to the Secretary, G.E.R., 15, James Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, saying that you are prepared to send regularly to a German reader such-and-such an English periodical. (Don't forget to enclose a *stamped envelope addressed to yourself*; any donation to help the slender funds of G.E.R. would, of course, also be welcome). You will receive in reply the name and address of the German reader—and if you will indicate briefly your own profession or interests an attempt will be made to select a like-minded one. Don't expect all this by return of post, for the flood of applications from Germany will take a little time to get under control; a few days ago the Secretary of G.E.R. returned from a short visit to Germany to find 4,000 letters, German and English, awaiting him. *And when you get under way the news of your experience would be welcomed by me at Headquarters as evidence of Toc H action.*

iii. P.O.W.

There is another way, more personal than the post, which many Toc H members and units already have not been slow to use. Instead of long-distance contact this operates face to face; a handshake takes the place of handwriting. This, of course, is meeting the German who is still a prisoner of war in this country.

The *Manchester Guardian* recently gave the number still in our midst as 297,800 in 250 camps; another 100,000 are held in the Middle East. We are told that they are being repatriated at the rate of 15,000 a month, and their ranks are thinning noticeably; in another twelve months or so they are all due to be at home—except those who, by a new regulation, elect to stay as workers on the land, with the agreement of the British farmers who employ them. Meanwhile the conditions of their captivity, as all of us cannot but have noticed, have become progressively easier. First released on Sundays for a 'Sabbath day's journey', within five miles of their camp, they can now range further afield. Forbidden at first to enter a private house, they can now do so; they cannot yet use public transport. The chocolate or green battledress, with an absurd diamond patch, is no longer strange on a bicycle or across a tea-table; it is to give way soon to more rational uniform. For quite a long time they have had their own Training College at Wilton Park in Buckinghamshire, now with some coming and going of lecturers from their own country, where 350 students take a six-week course; and at Radwinter, near Saffron Walden, 1,000 younger prisoners receive three months' vocational and political training.

It was inevitable that these relaxations of the rules should come slowly, but the delay restricts to the mere minimum the time left for putting their presence among us to the best use, that is, giving them in free and friendly wise some good idea of "the British way of life" which they can take home to their distracted country, and learning something from them in return.

I am not in a position to sum up all that Toc H is doing in this matter, but the General Secretary has lately asked Area officers to collect information from their units, so that we may have a basis on which to plan further developments. Often it has become a 'corporate job', but now and again I meet a member who tells me how for weeks or months young Fritz has shared Sunday dinner in the family circle or played with the children at tea-time. Almost daily new evidence reaches me, and here are, for instance, random quotations from this morning's post:

In the *Newsletter* of 'Liberty of Havering' District (what a delicious name in this connection!) we are told what Ilford and Romford Branches are doing about men from local prison camps—six men invited on Saturday afternoons to the Branch room; at the first meeting some trouble with language—"still, good fellowship was experienced"; two members brought along their stamp collections, the gramophone was mended and good records provided for a concert, and so on. At the end: "One asks 'Is it worth while?' All members who have taken part in this form of work are unanimous that it is a real Toc H job of work, with a great future."

Then, from a letter from Reg Smith, Western Area Secretary, asking urgently for further copies of a pamphlet on Toc H in German (see Note II at the end) "in view of the fact that time is short and we must make the most of our opportunities before the P.O.W's return to Germany." "In Gloucestershire," he goes on, "several units are most active in their contacts with the P.O.W's. At Cheltenham the single copy of the pamphlet I was able to send them . . . is reported to have been read by nearly all P.O.W's in one camp, members of which are attending Cheltenham Branch meetings; the P.O.W. choir will be singing some of the grand German songs at the Area Guest night next Thursday . . . Similar contact has been made at Gloucester, where a special party for P.O.W's is being arranged by the Branch. At Winchcombe, as a result of a recent Guest night at which the Branch received its Lamp, several P.O.W's are regular visitors at Branch meetings and are welcome guests in the homes of members. Similar stories come to us from other centres, such as Tetbury and Stroud. All Branches agree about the value of such contacts as they have been able to make. . . ."

I could add other instances from correspondence and from my own limited experience. At Stratford-on-Avon I attended the

Branch meeting, held weekly in a hut of the prison camp, with fourteen regular visitors (they had made their own Lamp) to whom I spoke in their own language: in other respects you would have taken it almost as a normal good family evening—except that the singing was above our standard! At Wimborne, where the Branch opens its nice rooms every Sunday from 9 a.m. till dusk for local prisoners of war, and Toc H hosts receive 60 or 70 guests each time, I was invited on a week-night to address a large gathering. Over a hundred prisoners, in charge of an exceedingly young British corporal, tramped through the dark and rain to the Town Hall. They sat at their ease round little tables for their guest night. There was tea and some singing, mostly their own, and then I spent half an hour telling them about Toc H in German. "That's enough, lads," I said, but was bidden to go on and at the end (to my mingled dismay and joy) to close the evening with extempore family prayers in German and English.

Then there was a happy hour the other afternoon, arranged by a most sympathetic commandant, telling the tale of Toc H again in German in a cosy hut in a North Wales camp, and answering many questions. And there was the crowded District rally in a little Yorkshire market town, when I was confronted in church by a row of large white 'P.W.'s' painted on the back-sides of ten Germans in the pew in front of me. At the guest-night afterwards I watched their intent faces and at the close of the evening looked into the eyes of their leader shining with gratitude and understanding.

A lively interest stirs members and at every recent guest night where I have had to take the platform there has been a request for some words on this subject. At the end of one talk there was healthy opposition from two members present, one of them himself an ex-P.O.W. in Germany. It is always good in the Toc H family that those who are against should put their case boldly.

The picture on which I like most to dwell is one of great beauty—Salisbury Cathedral Close on a May afternoon of gleaming sun and scuds of rain, as Constable has made it immortal. Over the brilliant green lawn, mingling with four hundred members gathered for the Southern Area Festival, came men, by

twos and threes (in all a coach-load), in chocolate prison uniform. Everyone had a word of greeting for them, and one of them told me, with an air of sheer happiness, that at last he was seeing England, its indescribable beauty, its deep core of friendliness. Inside the great Cathedral they sat, a patch of chocolate-brown, broken by the civilian suits of members, holding in their hands the Festival service and hymns in their own language—a thoughtful touch by someone. And the first hymn was their own, a rolling German choral—*Lobe den Herrn, den Allmaechtigen, Koenig der Ehren*, which we translate and sing as "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation": you may imagine how they sang it. Tea followed and a very crowded guest night, with lighting of new Lamps. In the whole picture, never out of place in the family scene, there was a patch of chocolate-brown.

Instances could now be collected from Toc H in most parts of the country of this new-found fellowship, issuing in private or corporate action. To what purpose, all this? Is it merely a passing curiosity, a 'job' slightly out of the common, or has it deeper significance, a more lasting worth? The answer was emphatically given by David Stevens, a Birmingham member on leave from the Control Commission, at the Central Council meeting. It was found, he said, that German prisoners of war who had received fair treatment and some personal kindness over here were, on their repatriation, the best of all ambassadors for the new freedom and "the British way of life", which Germany needs above all to understand and make her own. The "re-education of Germany" is a portentous and now much discredited phrase but each man of us who establishes human touch with German prisoners is on the road which leads to a new point of view in Europe. This is a personal job, and it was to persons rather than to governments that the words were addressed "Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

BARCLAY BARON

NOTE I—PRISONERS OF WAR

Members wishing to have dealings with German prisoners should be most careful to comply with the regulations. They should get in touch with the Commandant of the local camp in any case of doubt.

(i). They need his permission, for instance, to visit the camp or to invite prisoners to Toc H meetings; they require no permission to entertain prisoners in their own homes (statement by Secretary of State for War, House of Commons, March 19, 1947).

(ii). When visiting a camp don't forget to call on the Commandant and don't forget the British staff who need our friendship as much as the Germans.

(iii). Never accept letters for or from P.O.W., and do not undertake commissions for them without leave.

(iv). *Information*: For location of camps write to the Secretary, P.O.W. Committee, British Council of Churches, 56, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. (The Council publishes a useful 'Leaflet No. 3' on Prisoners of War); On matters requiring official action write to The Staff Chaplain, The Directorate of Prisoners of War, The War Office, (P.W.1), Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London, S.W.1; On literature, equipment, etc., write to The World's Y.M.C.A. War Prisoners' Aid, 4, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1 (which publishes, among other things, a form of service in German for Protestants—free, and a booklet of 50 German hymns—1d.).

(v). *Follow-up*: Our B.A.O.R. staff are anxious to hear of any German P.O.W., in touch with us here, who is being repatriated to the British Zone (also men already repatriated). Send details of name and address, contact with Toc H, etc., to the Administrator at 47, Francis Street, or the Commissioner or Vincent Firth, Toc H/C.V.W.W., H.Q., B.A.O.R.

NOTE II—A TOC H PAMPHLET IN GERMAN

As promised above, here is a note on the first Toc H pamphlet (16 pages, pocket size) in German. It is called *Toc H, seine Entstehung und seine Ziele*—"Toc H, its Origin and its Aims", and it was written, at my request, by Walther Richter, while still a prisoner of war in British hands in Austria. This is a simple introduction to Toc H ideas in terms a German reader would understand. It has been printed in Germany for Toc H B.A.O.R., which intends it as the first of a series in the language. The supply of 200 copies brought over recently by Vincent Firth has been exhausted by members in their work with P.O.W., but a new edition, specially intended for use over here, is in the press. Orders sent to Headquarters will be fulfilled as soon as it arrives; the price is not yet known, but it won't be much.

A few words about Walther Richter, who is known to some older members at home. He joined Toc H in 1930 and has remained a faithful member ever since, though from 1933 until the Nazis were overthrown he could not show his colours in public. Small services he was able to do (and for which he was once 'put on the mat') for British prisoners captured by his regiment he reckoned, even in war-time, simply as "a Toc H job." After his own capture he helped, with one of our District Secretaries, to run a Toc H Circle in the English battalion for which he acted as interpreter. He received, of course, no pay, but his British comrades gave him two £1 postal orders as a Christmas present, and these he posted at once to me to put him 'in good standing' as a member—for no foreign subscriptions could be paid under the Nazi regime since 1933. Married, with a small daughter, he lives at Göttingen, where he runs the University Bookshop and helps in the Anglo-German work we are busy with there.

TOC H AND OLD PEOPLE

It has always been a privilege of which Toc H is proud to exercise its imagination on seeing openings for new jobs of service to the community and to stimulate other people to join it in them. Even where the job is not quite "up our street" or is beyond our strength, we can often take the initiative in getting it under way. There were many instances of this in the war, when a local unit got a Services Club going as a town's effort instead of as a smaller and purely Toc H venture. The same principle still applies, and here is a case in point.

The Nuffield Foundation Survey Committee's *Report on Old Age* coincided with a Town Committee being formed at Darlington to meet the needs of the aged people in the town. The local Branch of Toc H and of Toc H (Women's Section) had intended opening a club for old people, but they realised that other voluntary bodies were alive to the problem and that nothing short of a Town Committee was needed to cope with it adequately. On January 15, therefore, a public meeting was held in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, with the Mayor in the chair. This meeting was organised by Toc H and its success was in large measure due to the spade work done by Judy Cubitt, Secretary of Toc H (Women's Section) in Darlington.

Lady Starmer proposed a resolution to form a Town Committee, which was passed unanimously, and the ex-Mayor (Councillor Ben Dodd) at once promised to hand over £50, collected for charitable purposes during his term of office, to help the Committee to get going.

The Committee is formed of representatives of various churches and guilds, W.V.S., Rotary, the Salvation Army, Town Mission and, of course, Toc H, the conveners of the meeting.

Miss H. Wheatcroft, Secretary of the Durham and Teesside Council for the Welfare of Old People, outlined what was already being done in the area and advocated the opening of hostels for elderly, ill-housed and lonely people.

Here, then, is a field in which Toc H units have often done something, if no more than an old people's tea at Christmas, but might in some places initiate or help more permanent service to their aged neighbours.